

MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR •



September



1911



Saint Mary's, Baltimore, alma mater of thousands of America's priests

Tramp of 40,000 Feet

IN AMERICA's seminaries, over 20,000 young men now prepare for priestly service in parish, community, diocese, nation, world.

From St. Mary's, Baltimore, and scores of other seminaries, these new recruits are marching into the fight against sorrow and heavy burdens, the struggle to help man that he may properly honor and worship God.

Dioceses in over 40 States have given young men to Maryknoll. Each diocese counts the Church's world missions as its own. The priesthood is one, whether it labors at home or on the farthest island of the sea.

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The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul



Father Manning



Father Grondin



Father Comber

THIS MONTH . . . Father Mark A. Tennien, our Chungking correspondent, tells in **Quite Chummy with Bandits** — Page 2 — the thrilling story of a quiet little missionary in a hot spot in South China. On another continent, John W. White, writer and authority on South America, describes in **Non-Catholic In Chile** — Page 6 — how Father James Manning and his comrades do their work among our brothers below the equator. Skip over the Andes and move into the Bolivian jungle where you will find a wild little Indian, the hero of Father Grondin's entertaining story, **They Called Him Angel** — Page 12. Our new Seminary Rector, Father John Comber, finally succumbed to persuasive pressure and put into writing a story of Manchurian days. **Old Abraham's Wake** — Page 16 — is not half as funereal as the title suggests. Josephine Loftus modestly describes as **Scratching the Surface** — Page 30 — the fine work the Maryknoll Sisters have launched in Panama. Father Carey gives us a glimpse of his ups and downs in **Mountain-Hopping Padre** — Page 44. Our cover presents an old Latin American fisherman mending his net . . .

Address all communications to THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

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Quite Chummy With Bandits

by MARK A. TENNIEN

THE MARYKNOLL mission at Chikkai, facing enemy-held islands just off the coast, is perhaps the most dangerous and nerve-racking place on the entire peninsula. It sticks out like a finger to taunt the frustrated warships that sail menacingly up and down the coast.

This "hot spot" assignment to Chikkai needed a man with a clear mind, a cool head, and a brave heart. The Bishop found these qualities and many more in Father Donat Chatigny, formerly of Amesbury, Massachusetts, the Maryknoll missionary now holding the post. The imperturbable bald-headed little gentleman — with much emphasis on the "gentle" — is just turning forty. He comes from the gentle folk of

Acadia and speaks soft words "like the murmuring pines and the hemlocks."

I first came to know Father Donat in the freshman course of poetry and prose. The students noted his smile, his soft voice, his rapture at prayer, and they called him "the Curé of Ars," after the famous saint. The faculty found that, though his head was in the stars, his feet were solid on the ground. He was never ruffled, and he never ruffled another by a sharp word.

Pastor of Gun Toters

CHIKKAI, where Father Chatigny is now assigned, is a mountainous little region, where the people speak the Hakka dialect

Rugged like their mountains, these South China folk make good Catholics



— a language that is strange to the neighboring districts. These Chinese hillbillies are for the most part hard-working farmers and fishermen, but guns hang on the walls of almost every home. These rough gun toters have feuds that could startle the Tennessee mountaineers out of their homemade boots.

Most of the Catholics of Chikkai are from families that have been Catholic for generations. Though rough and tough like the mountaineers and people around them, they are firmly founded in the doctrines of Catholicism and have little regard for the folks who do not see the light. These Catholics are not exactly spiritual snobs, but they are inclined to the attitude of "let the devil keep his own."

When the priest goes around to help sick pagans, his Catholics sometimes tell him that he would do better to keep his pills and energies for the faithful of the fold. Their pastor, Father Chatigny, who needs not their advice, is an insoluble enigma to the unlettered working folk of Chikkai. Their religion is hitched to the earth, not tied to a cloud, and they are puzzled to see the Padre helping the Catholic, the pagan, the rich or the poor, the official or the bandit.

For almost a decade, this pint-sized missionary has been tramping the bandit-infested mountain paths as if strolling on Broadway. He goes unmolested, for the bandits love and respect him.

Refuge among Bandits

LAST year a telegram came in to state the Japanese and puppet troops had



**Soft-spoken Father
Donat Chatigny**

attacked the town on a foraging raid, but that Father Chatigny had escaped to the hills. None of us worried, knowing that the missionary could hide out in some bandit lair where he had been called some time before to cure the sick. A week later he was back at his ransacked mission, with nothing but good to say about the "friends" who had harbored him in the hills.

Kit Carrier

ON HIS mission visitation trips throughout the country, Father Chatigny carries his Mass kit and a medicine kit, for he is a great healer of bodies as well as of souls. His remedies range from old-fashioned cure-alls which date from Evangeline's grandmother, to the latest sulpha drugs. He courses the hills, winds through the rice paddies, and wades the streams to visit his scattered flock in distant villages. When others of us fume and sweat in the season of prickly heat, he always seems cool and unbothered and walks briskly as though born to the tropics.

Recently, while he was at the tiller of his little sailboat, making the ten-hour trip through the China Sea from the leper colony at Ngai Moon to Chikkai, he was accosted by pirates who told him to drop his sail and heave to. Father Chatigny, naturally, hove to.

Just as the pirates were about to board his craft, he was recognized as the Catholic priest from Chikkai. After much shouting to one another, the gentlemen of the high seas bowed their deepest apologies, wished Father Chatigny good luck and fair winds, and then allowed him to hoist his sails

and proceed on his way unmolested.

Reports drifted into Chikkai, shortly afterwards, that the same sea bandits later ran across a ship that was not sufficiently well protected, and thus they became the proud owners of a cargo of cloth worth many tens of thousands of dollars. They attributed this good fortune, some Chinese told the missionary, to their chance meeting with him.

But he is not always mild. In a sermon at one of his mountain mission stations, he was verbally scourging his people, for he had heard that they had been aiding the bandits in some recent raids. The congregation squirmed and worried and kept looking with horror towards one of the low windows. The preacher looked — and saw framed in the window the faces of four of the bandits themselves! But while

they leaned on their rifles, the fearless priest told his people that banditry is wrong, bad, and unjust, and that they must have nothing to do with the bandits. Even bandits admire courage and respect a just man, so there was no shooting.

Pastoral Letters

FATHER CHATIGNY's letters best reveal the man himself. People turn up at the neighboring missions with letters from Father Donat which end like this: "This boy's father is a bandit. Keep the boy away from home, give him a job, and work him hard. I am sure he'll turn out all right."

Or like this: "This man is very poor. I can't cure his sickness. Have the doctor do his best, and please feed him up."

Through nearly seven years of war, Father Chatigny has lived at Chikkai alone. He sees enemy warships that sometimes lie close and shell the shore. His bag is packed for the time when the enemy may threaten to land again. His has been a lonesome, wearisome labor, these trying years.

Holiday among Lepers

BUT now he has Father Hoh, a Chinese priest, to assist him. Father Hoh was completing his studies in Hong Kong when the Japanese attacked that city. He lived through the siege, and later walked nearly two hundred miles into Free China to be ordained by Bishop Paschang. With an assistant, Father Chatigny now may have more time to take a holiday in the leper colony or to visit neighboring priests. They will smile at his foibles and "josh" him a little; but he will always be welcome wherever he goes, for he is as refreshing as the dew.

Pirates respected Father's sailboat



Maryknoll Mission Band, 1944

THIRTY-FIVE MARYKNOLLERS left this country for various mission fields during the past year. Of these, eight have already reached their field, while twenty-seven, most of them newly ordained, participated in the July departure ceremony. These priests represent eight different States in the Union, and have departed for an equal number of mission fields.

TO PUNO, PERU (Puno is a territory in the heart of the ancient empire of the Inca Indians. It borders on Lake Titicaca, almost three miles above sea-level. Besides staffing a boarding school and seminary, the priests are also serving in the out-lying parishes.)

Rev. Joseph P. Meaney, Arlington, Mass.
Rev. Leo J. Melancon, Fall River, Mass.
Rev. John A. Waldie, New York City.
Rev. James Connell, San Francisco, Calif.
Rev. Charles Girnius, Maspeth, N. Y.
Rev. John K. Byrne, Dunmore, Pa.
Rev. Edward L. Fedders, Covington, Ky.
Rev. Robert E. Kearns, Bronx, N. Y.
Rev. Charles Cappel, Norwood, Ohio

TO LIMA, PERU

Rev. Harry M. Bush, Medford, Mass.

TO CENTRAL AMERICA

Rev. Vincent Mallon, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rev. John Lenahan, Philadelphia, Pa.
Rev. William J. Homrocky, Cleveland, Ohio
Rev. James E. Hughes, Woodside, N. Y.
Rev. Paul Sommer, Boston, Mass.

TO TALCA, CHILE (Talca is located in central Chile. Maryknoll has been given charge of a school and mission posts.)

Rev. Wm. Schulz, Bloomfield, N. J.

Rev. James F. McNiff, Peabody, Mass.
Rev. Jerome P. Garvey, San Francisco, Cal.
Rev. Thomas Wellinghoff, Cincinnati, Ohio

TO PANDO, BOLIVIA (Maryknoll has been entrusted with 52,000 square miles of jungle territory, much of it to be explored. It is under the direction of Maryknoll's Bishop Alonso Escalante.)
Rev. Joseph Flynn, Cleveland, Ohio
Rev. James McCloskey, Bronx, N. Y.

TO COCHABAMBA, BOLIVIA (Maryknollers care for a large group of Aymara and Quechua Indians in this area. In addition the central procure for the Pando Mission is established here.)
Rev. Cyril J. Kramar, Youngstown, Ohio.
Rev. Francis J. Murphy, Waterbury, Conn.

TO TEMUCO, CHILE (Located in southern Chile, Maryknollers work chiefly in remote mission stations.)
Rev. William R. Booth, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rev. Thomas F. McDermott, Worcester, Mass.

TO CHILLAN, CHILE

Rev. Sylvio Gilbert, Webster, Mass.
Rev. James Sheridan, Washington, D. C.
Rev. Arthur Brown, Boston, Mass.

TO ECUADOR

Rev. Edmund McClear, Royal Oak, Mich.

TO HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

Rev. John F. Lima, New Bedford, Mass.
Rev. John Ruppert, Parker, S. Dak.
Rev. John E. Morris, Fall River, Mass.
Rev. Edmund Toomey, New Bedford, Mass.
Rev. Francis J. Caffrey, Lawrence, Mass.
Rev. Joseph Gibbons, Yonkers, N. Y.



Chilean youngsters, most of them of European stock, are gay and friendly

Non-Catholic in Chile

by JOHN W. WHITE

AS WE walked down a side street in Talca, Chile, a little lad of eight jumped up from the doorstep on which he was sitting and came running toward us, shouting in English, "Hello Father! Hello Father!" A little fellow and his sister, hearing him, ran out of their house next door with the same greeting. Within a minute 16 little Chileans had popped out of their homes and were scrambling among themselves for the privilege of holding one of Father's fingers. Those who missed a finger clung to his cassock, all chattering like a pack of little monkeys. Every one of them had used the English word *Father* in greeting the young priest and most of the chattering was

Mr. White, distinguished non-Catholic writer on Latin America, described recently in the "Catholic Digest" a visit with Maryknollers in Chile. We present here an excerpt

devoted to asking Father how to say something in English. My companion was Father James V. Manning of Rich-

mond Hill, N. Y. This morning welcome by a group of laughing, skipping children was only one of many evidences I found of the enthusiasm and real affection with which the Chileans have welcomed the Maryknoll priests who are just completing their first year among them.

The kiddies let loose of the fingers one by one and returned home, except four who accompanied us on our visit to some tenements maintained by the Cathedral parish for very poor families and the aged. A little five-year-old who was playing in the patio let out a whoop of welcome and ran laugh-

ing toward us with her English greeting, "Good morning, Father!" Father Manning replied, "Good morning, Maria!"

Father Manning is one of 16 Maryknollers who were sent to southern Chile last year. Reports from all the localities to which they have been assigned show that every one of the missionaries is extremely popular. Many Chileans, some of them not particularly religious, have told me that this is the sort of "American invasion" that Chileans welcome and that they sincerely hope many more priests will be sent to them from the U.S.

Father George C. Powers of West Lynn, Mass., is superior of the Talca group. Bishop Larrain has entrusted to him the organization and operation of a big boys' college at Molina, a few miles from the city of Talca. Father Powers is being assisted in this educational task by Father Henry A. Dirckx of Jefferson City, Mo., and Father Walter Sandman of San Francisco. English is taught at the boys' college and it is intended eventually to teach some of the trades and agriculture, in addition to the usual academic studies.

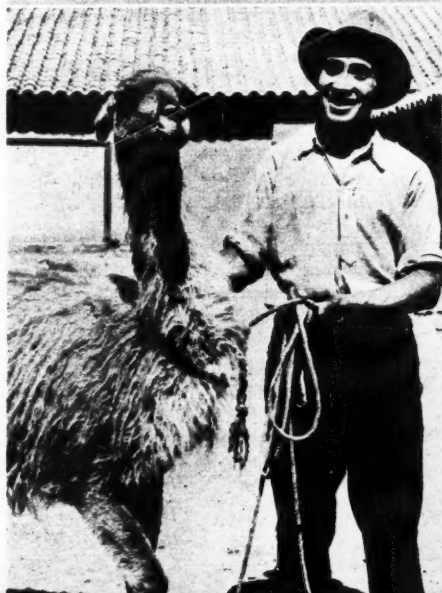
Father Manning and Father Smith have been assigned to the Cathedral parish in Talca as assistant curates, and Father Thomas Sampson of New Jersey is to be assigned to the same parish when he reaches Chile. Talca's fine big Cathedral was destroyed in the great earthquake of 1929 and it is one of seven new churches now being built in the diocese.

Father Smith has been assigned the task of building a new church in a very poor neighborhood on the outskirts of the Cathedral parish. His mission chapel is a wooden shed which Bishop Larrain, making a play on Spanish, calls the Gothic (*gotica*) Basilica, because the leaky roof lets the *goticas* (raindrops) through onto the worshippers.



Transportation in the interior is slow

Alpacas makes excellent cloth in Chile



Father Joseph J. Rickert of Brooklyn has been assigned to a sort of circuit-rider missionary field with headquarters at the little town of San Clemente, about seven miles from Talca. When Father Rickert is not on horseback, he lives with the Chilean priest of San Clemente in a little wooden shack lacking all conveniences.

Senor Sepulveda

SENIOR GARCES SEPULVEDA was enthusiastic in his praise of the Maryknoll Fathers. "For these finely educated priests to have left the comforts to which they are accustomed in the U.S. to come and work in Chile is nothing short of heroic," he told me. "It's even worse than China," he added, "because there at least there were the exotic surroundings of the Orient, something interesting. Here in Chile, it's just sacrifice and discomfort without any compensation except the satisfaction they must get from knowing what a magnificent and needed work they are doing."

In Chile and other South American countries the parish priest is called *Senor Cura*, only members of established Orders being known as *Padre*. The children of Talca are responsible for the Maryknollers being called *Father*, as in the U.S. The children heard Bishop Larrain calling the new priests *Father*, and they adopted the title and taught it to their parents.

Father Thomas Walsh is superior of the group in the Temuco diocese, which is in the heart of the Araucanian Indian country. This group has taken over the parishes in the small towns of Galvarino and Cholchol and has opened a new parish in the city of Temuco, where Father Walsh is assisted by Father Leon Harter of Pittston, Pa., and Father Leo Zemalkowski of Scranton. Father Martin Dunne of Flushing, N. Y., is at the present time alone in the Cholchol parish, but as soon

as suitable living quarters can be built, Father Zemalkowski will be assigned to Cholchol as assistant to Father Dunne. Father Joseph McCormack of New York and Father John Brady of San Francisco are in charge of the Galvarino parish, which is four hours by train from Temuco.

In the Galvarino parish the chapel is little better than a woodshed, and the rectory is a ramshackle Chilean house, devoid of comforts.

There are about 10,000 people in the parish, of whom half are Indians. The parish covers a very large territory, extending to a radius of from six to ten miles from the town. Most of the people live on the big farming estates or in small and widely scattered settlements. Because of the primitive condition of the roads and the lack of means of transportation, very few persons can go into Galvarino for Mass. Consequently, Fathers McCormack

A housewife and the family rooster



and Brady say Mass twice a month on one of the big estates and twice a month in one of the larger Indian settlements.

Cholchol is a small country town off the railroad. It can be reached on horseback from Temuco in from four to six hours, depending on weather conditions. There are also about 10,000 in this parish, divided about equally between Indians and whites. There is a fairly large church in Cholchol which the Maryknoll Fathers have had painted and repaired. There is also a large, idle school, badly weather-beaten and without doors and windows, but the frame is good and the Americans have started extensive repairs on it.

THE Maryknollers have also founded a mission station at Labranza, which they take care of from Temuco. Most of the people are Indians, and they have extended an enthusiastic welcome to the American priests. These Indians are themselves undertaking to gather the funds necessary for building a chapel. Father Walsh celebrated the first Mass at Labranza in the open air as part of the celebration of

Independence Day on Sept. 18, 1943.

Father Joseph H. Cappel of Cincinnati is the superior of the Maryknoll group in the Chillan diocese, which was practically wiped out by the second terrific earthquake, of 1939. Father Cappel has taken over a parish in Pemuco, assisted by Father James Rottner, also of Cincinnati. Father Francis J. Mulligan of Jersey City and Father Thomas Plunkett of Fall River, Mass., have taken over another parish at Portazuelo.

Successful as has been the work of the Maryknoll Fathers in this new field, it is recognized by the Chilean bishops and by the Maryknollers themselves that they do not provide the complete solution for the pressing problems of the Church in Chile. Chile will continue to need more missionary priests from the U.S., and since it is doubtful if Maryknoll will be able to meet the entire need, the Chilean bishops hope that some other Order will send priests. The bishops argue that the affectionate welcome the people have extended to the Maryknoll Fathers is proof that American priests are needed and will be well received.

HOW YOU CAN DO MORE TO HELP

"I WISH I MIGHT DO MORE," said one of our good friends recently. "If I could I'd make a substantial gift; but I have only about enough money to live on."

"We are very grateful for what you have done," we told him. "There is a way, which involves no sacrifice and yet would make possible what you wish. If you will make your will — a thing everyone should do, anyway — you can write into it a legacy for Maryknoll."

But consult a lawyer; there are technical legal requirements which you may not know.

For example, did *you* know that a will written on a business letterhead is invalid? Or that a legacy may not be made to any of those who sign it as witnesses? Maryknoll has a booklet, "The Making of a Catholic Will," which will be sent you without cost or obligation, if requested. Why not write us? Address: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.



Tom Harmon with father and mother; Fr. Cosgrove was in on the thanksgiving

Friends in the Service

Cried Like a Kid

RECENTLY a letter was received at Maryknoll from a Mrs. Louis Harmon, making a modest request that two Masses be offered in thanksgiving for the safe return of her son Tom. One of our alert Padres immediately recognized that she was speaking of the Tom of football fame.

Tom had a narrow escape when he was shot down in South China. Before he could get out of his burning plane, his legs, from his knees to his shoe tops, were burned like bacon in a pan. His face was scorched so badly about the lips that he could not eat for more than two weeks. A rescuing party of Chinese carried the injured flier to safety in a stretcher. When he finally ar-

rived at his base, Father Joseph Cosgrove, Maryknoll missionary acting as an auxiliary chaplain, said a Mass of thanksgiving at which every man in his outfit was present. "Tom later told us," said his mother, "that he was so touched by this tribute that he broke down and cried like a kid."

"A Mother's Memorare"

DURING this war, Catholic mothers are accomplishing more by their prayers than we shall ever know to obtain the safety of their sons. A concrete instance is told by Mrs. Grace M. Vallely, of Akron, Ohio, a staunch supporter of Maryknoll, President of the Mothers of the famous 37th Division of the Marine Corps, which has been

in eight major engagements. Her son, Corporal John, has come through all unscathed. She attributes this to the Mass said daily at the request of the Catholic Mothers for the safety of their boys. Mrs. Valley has composed the following beautiful prayer entitled "A Mother's Memorare," approved by Bishop Hoban of Cleveland:

"Remember, O dearest Mother, that you have never failed the fervent pleas of a mother in any necessity. We now come to thee, most compassionate Virgin, unworthy though we are, to ask thy gentle care and protection for all our boys now on the battle fronts.

"When temptation hovers near them, the cares and burdens of the day seem more than they can bear, when grim battles rage right and left of them, Mother Mary, shield them from sin, and help them to be good soldiers.

"When death itself faces them, when their feeble calls for their earthly mother are scarcely audible, then, Sweet Mother of Mercy — if it be the will of your own Divine Son — take them in your arms, wrap your mantle about them, cool their fevered brow with your immaculate hands, and guide them to their heavenly home.



Aviator Joseph Judge of Brooklyn, N. Y.

"If your Divine Son sees fit to return them to us, then shield them from the dangers of sin. Bring them home clean in mind, heart, soul, and body.

"The very fact that you are a mother inspires us with a confidence that our boys will not be left unaided. Queen of Peace, protect and guide our sons."

God's Beckoning

A FEW years ago, Joseph E. Judge regretfully gave up his studies at Maryknoll because of health. Joe has seen action with the Air Force in Africa, Sicily and Italy. He was in a hot spot when he wrote to his aunt, Mrs. John Cullinane of Park Place, Brooklyn: "It will be hard — this next move . . . I should like to ask you for a special favor: enroll me as a perpetual member in the Maryknoll 'family'."

Some time later, he wrote to a Maryknoll classmate: "I'm in the invasion but fear doesn't bother me. Maryknoll has always kept my head above water in times of danger. Remember me in your prayers. Yours in Mary, — Joe."

Corporal John Valley of Akron, Ohio



They Called Him Angel

by J. GERARD GRONDIN

A FLAT-BOTTOMED BOAT is not the best thing for fast, foaming, river water. It hasn't depth enough to bite into the waves. Our boat was a bulky, unwieldy sort of craft; it swung crazily, like a makeshift raft, and the rising Beni threw it from wave to wave and seemed to laugh at the puny efforts of oarsmen.

The river had lost its contour, and strained and squirmed like a bloated, feverish thing. It had been many years since the flood waters had reached such heights. As the hungry wavelets licked at the shores, they picked up logs and small trees and swallowed them in the streaking, tumbling rapids. From time to time, jagged branches would leap above the surface as if for a breath of air, then disappear into the yellow stream again.

"Hey, Joe," I called to the boatman, "we'd better land on that high spot over there."

"Si, *Padre*. Okay, we land."

Joe's oars began a series of gyrations, and the boat spun around like a clumsy top as the current gripped it. At the same time, it tipped dangerously, and I started to kick off my shoes in preparation for a ducking. In a few seconds, however, we regained some semblance of equilibrium,

and the boat inched slowly towards the small glob of muddy shore.

"What's the matter, Joe?" I laughed. "Have you got only one arm?"

"No, *Padre*, I got two arms." He let go of the oars to hold up both arms and prove his fitness — and at the same time, the boat took another lurch that sloshed the bilge all over my ankles. "But that river, *Padre*, she's got a thousand arms, and she pulls like the devil!"

This, I thought, would be a fine opportunity to make an analogy between the river's arms and the powers of Satan. I could even paraphrase Scripture and say that "he goeth around like a roaring river, seeking whom he may devour" — but since Joe couldn't row and listen at the same time, I thought I should save the little sermon for another flood.

There was a family at the shore to meet us. As the man of the house approached, I gave one of my carefully hoarded cigarettes to Joe. He had earned it, and as he puffed away contentedly, my new host sloshed through four inches of water to introduce himself. No doubt, he had some name other than Mario, but I didn't press him for information. He was a small farmer and was able to support his family very com-

fortably from the fertile soil, but this year the flood has impoverished him.

His rice plants were already swimming down the river towards the Atlantic, three thousand miles away, and the water was swamping out his crop of corn. But it had not spoiled his graciousness; he was genuinely glad to see us, and his wife was preparing coffee in a large tin can.

Jungle Savages

"THIS is my house, Padre. We have some visitors with us now. It is a family of savages from the jungle. They do not speak our language at all, but some of the words they can understand. His name is Valdemar, and his wife is Aida. Their little baby is in the house, but she is very sick."

All this Mario told me in a low voice as we walked the few steps to the crude shelter that he called a house. It was a rough, palm-branch roof supported by four posts and covering the area of a small "hot dog" stand at Coney Island. At that time, it was entirely surrounded by the backwater of the flood. In the center of the hut, branches and plants had been piled high to form a soft, island-like bed. Upon this were the savage woman, Aida, and her infant. Both were feverish, and the baby, tired and gasping, was very near death. Mosquito nets, thrown over the bed haphazardly, floated lazily in the breeze while the fringes of the gauze dragged in the filth and mud. It was not a pleasant sight.

Valdemar, who had been leaning against a post, seemed both worried and embarrassed. He had been a chief in his village; but when he had heard that there was money to be made in the rubber districts, he had brought his family out of the jungle to take up residence in a more civilized location. He was a huge, well-built man,

and there was dignity about his bearing.

He wanted to greet me properly, but things were so different here on the fringe of the white world that he was afraid of his own actions. I spoke to him in Spanish. Although he understood me quite well, there was nothing much he could do about answering, but he brightened up considerably when I told him that I would baptize his baby. Once or twice his lips formed the word "*Grazias*," yet he could not seem to bring himself to the point of speaking. Instead, he drew up to his full height, like a private in front of a colonel, and then, with a broad smile on his face, blessed himself very thoroughly.

Terezita, I named the little lass — Little Teresa. She will live a couple of days at the most. Fever, starvation, and the floods were too much for her frail little body; but she is all ready for the angels — lucky little lady — and she will slip into heaven, clothes and all. The mother will probably get well; she is a large woman and made of iron. But the memory of the flood will linger, and with it the thought of tiny *Terezita*. I shall not forget it for many years, and the thoughts of a mother have much more depth.

Enter the Angel

TEREZITA has a big brother. His name is Angel — but what twist of nomenclature rated him with the cherubim and seraphim, nobody will ever know. He does not live with his father and mother. Valdemar gave him over to the administrator of a local *barraca*, so that he might bend his agile mind towards the three R's and thereby equip himself for the presidency. Five days later I had the pleasure of making Angel's acquaintance.

I was comfortably seated on the large porch of Don Rene Landivar's well-built adobe home. Clean, and refreshed from the

last seven hours on mule-back, I enjoyed listening to him, and he enjoyed talking, for guests are few enough. I mentioned my newest experiences, and as it happened, the "little big brother" was in the back patio, playing. When called, he came with a shy smile but no fear. Angel was the name he has answered to, and though he was cute enough, he resembled more a "dead-end kid." He was as fat as the ducks are at this time of the year, and waddled as they do.

"He must have doubled his weight in three months," chuckled Don Rene. "He understands nearly everything in Spanish, but still has difficulty in speaking, though he can sing. How about a little song for the Padre. Angel?"

The five- or six-year-old boy had leaned



confidently on my knee, and I put an arm around him. Then he backed away, and with his eyes towards heaven, he began his song and dance in his native tongue. Then without awaiting praise, he was off again to play.

"He prays, too," went on Don Rene. "He holds his head up to heaven before going to bed, and mutters some strange words."

Before I left him, Angel had been baptized, and instead of his native prayer — good though that may have been — he now prefers to bless himself and to whisper the *Ave* and the *Pater*.

Being a child of the woods, Angel enacts some surprising scenes: some for the entertainment of his new father, some at his expense. He is an excellent shot with his tiny bow and arrow. So good is he, in fact, that he has been forbidden the use of it: too many hens were seen scrambling and squawking all over the compound. One time he cried because the bird a hunter had brought in was cleaned instead of merely thrown into the fire; it would be ruined and lose its taste, he maintained. One time he was found asleep under a table in the early morning, carefully hiding and guarding the bread he had arisen to steal from the kitchen.

Angel Shows Promise

"VERY like a little scared animal, watching over his prey," commented Don Rene.

So Angel is the butt of many more-or-less good-natured jokes from his young "long-civilized" friends. But I think he'll grow up a better man than a number of them, worthily bearing the name of Landivar, his kind and genial benefactor. God grant you many years, and some day reunite you to Terezita, young Angel Landivar!

Dead-end kids had nothing on Angel

MEN OF MARYKNOLL



Midnight Sikecall — At half past eleven at night, I was awakened by someone calling for Padre Juanito. I was sufficiently alert to know that Father Nolan, my roommate, was being paged, and I believe I put a satisfied smirk on my face. But Padre Juanito was more asleep than I was — so I found myself up and riding for a half hour before reaching the town's first murder of 1944. Jose had been a guest at a wedding party. He had been arguing with Eusebio. The poor fellow won't do it again. Eusebio brought his three-foot machete (sugar-cane knife) down over the skull of Jose, and the lad never regained consciousness. It happens the world over, but now I am keenly aware how it happens here in these mountains.

— *Father Thomas P. O'Rourke,
of New York City,
now in Central America*

Winning the War — Several American boys in khaki dropped out of the sky in parachutes and had to walk back to their base. At one place a group of country folk gathered around them. One of the Americans was a Catholic and pulled out his rosary. The bystanders looked at it, and then suddenly one went to the back of the group and returned accompanied by another man. This man also pulled out his rosary and folded his hands in prayer, and so did the soldier. But that was as far as they could go. The Chinese beamed

all over, and turned to the crowd and said something to the effect that, "We Catholics are winning the war."

*Father Herbert V. Elliott,
of Elmhurst, New York
now in Kweilin, China*

Lady Nicotine Helps Out — From time to time, our Indian neighbors pay us a visit. We introduced them to the pipe, which they feared at first. A little coaxing induced a few of the more valiant souls to try it. A few drags, and it was passed from mouth to mouth with comments on its excellence. Our visitors changed from stoic observers to happy participators in the fun. We thought of our own North American Indians and their peace pipe. Maybe we have started something!

— *Father John P. McGuire,
of Mayfield, Pennsylvania,
now in Central America*

Meeting a Mandarin — With the aid we receive from the Refugee Relief, we are able to help God's poor in a material way which we hope will open the doors of their soul to greater treasures. In America, the name Mandarin stood for a high and mighty person, held in awful esteem. I never believed I'd be meeting any. I have to smile now to think that I am the local Mandarin's secretary in the refugee work!

— *Father Edward J. McCabe,
of Providence, Rhode Island,
now in Chuanchow, Kwangsi, China*

Old Abraham's Wake

by JOHN W. COMBER

ABRAM carried the money bags of the Fushun mission. He held onto them with a rigid fist, and every piece of cash was accounted for strictly and accurately.



Wong kept his uncle's invitation list

He was a stern-visaged man, dour and distant. But he was valuable at the mission center, where the funds were always slightly less than adequate.

Even before the war started, Abraham would never do business with the Japanese merchants of Fushun. It was not that he had any particular animosity for Japan as a nation; he thought that the Japanese were nice enough in their own way, but they had no imagination. They never did any bargaining, and he found it a deadly business to buy a week's supplies without

a little haggling over the price.

"Good morning," he would say to a Japanese greengrocer. "How much is your cabbage today?"

"It is two yen per *picul*, sir." Then the clerk would bow and show his teeth.

"Ah, so! That is very nice, but it looks a little bit yellow. I will give you a yen and a half."

"I am sorry, sir, but we have only one price."

One-Price Shops

"**A**H, YES, only one price. Well, I think I have enough cabbage for today, anyhow."

"Very well, sir. Thank you, sir." The Japanese grocer would smile and bow again.

It was always the same. The Japanese didn't seem to care whether they sold anything or not. It was too bad, because there were some very fine foods in their shops, but it is not sensible to buy without bargaining.

Abraham could smile and be very witty when he had a mind to. But such moods were rare and distantly spaced.

What Abraham enjoyed most was a good funeral. At a well-attended wake, he would really let himself out until he became the life of the party. Story after story would roll from his beard, and it seemed, sometimes, that even the corpse itself would have to laugh. No funeral around Fushun would be complete without Abraham.

A Manchurian wake is a gala affair. Death loses its sting if a man knows that he will have a large gathering to see him safely on his way to heaven.

Abraham planned to make his funeral the number-one event of Fushun's social season. But God disposed otherwise; the glorious plan went awry!

Just before he dies, his friends carry him out of the house so that he may leave this life in the open air. Sometimes — if he has strength enough — he joins in the discussion about the funeral arrangements and the casket.

When these points have been settled, the friends talk about the list of guests and the duration of the wake. If the man is poor or unpopular, the wake will last only a day or two, but a man of substance and geniality will lie in state for as much as a week.

The guests arrive before the dead man is placed in the coffin, and as the lid is being hammered tight, they call out, "*Toa ting! Toa ting!*" which means, "Keep away from the nails, old boy; they have sharp points."

Dead Men's Meals

THEN the long tables are erected for the feast, and the matsheds are hoisted up because the weather may be inclement. The feast is not just a single meal; it is every meal that is served until the corpse is consigned to the earth. An ordinary guest makes a donation of, say, a dollar. He brings his whole family, which may total nine or ten people, and he remains for three days. At two meals a day, the aggregate amounts to fifty-four meals plus music and wine — which for a dollar, is a fairly substantial menu.

Abraham always became voluble and sprightly during the wake. He was getting along in years, and perhaps he wanted to be assured of a good wake when he should

die. He was a calculating old lad but a fine man to have present. Perhaps he imagined his neighbors saying, "Abraham was a great help when Gran'ma Tsi died; we ought to go to his funeral."

A relative of Abraham's died while he was purchasing agent at the mission. Nobody knew just who the relative was, because Abraham never spoke of his fam-



Abraham planned for a grand finale

ily, but the thoughtful person left Abraham the magnificent sum of two hundred dollars. The legacy seemed to give Abraham a new lease on life.

"I will have," he said, "the finest funeral feast in all of Fushun!"

He scribbled names in a small notebook that he carried in his pocket. They were to be his guests — they were the honored clan. They winked at each other and joked — secretly, of course, — about Abraham's affection for them and about the carnival spirit that would prevail at the old man's wake. Some of them spoke right out and

said they could hardly wait.

There was a neighbor near the mission — a fine lady — somewhat talkative and determined, but a fine lady, nevertheless. She had a houseful of healthy, active children, who were constantly expanding the radius of their antics until it included the mission gate. Abraham was polite to the lady, but he was annoyed by the constant presence of the children whenever he walked out of the mission. Frequently he told them to go home and play.

Lady Next Door

ONE morning he was leaving the compound and was in one of his more petulant moods. The children were playing hopscotch right on the sidewalk. "Go home!" he said to them, angrily. "Get out of here, and play on your own sidewalk."

The children stood their ground. "You don't own the city," said one. "My father pays taxes."

"Get out!" he cried and made as if to chase them. Just at that time, the mother appeared on the scene.

"Keep your hands off my children!" she said, and there was the light of battle in her eye.

"I didn't touch them," he answered.

"You'd better not," she snapped, "or I'll pull your beard loose!"

"If I find them here again, I'll throw them into the street." He was thoroughly angry.

"You just try it, you broken-down old windbag! Try it just once, and it'll be the last time you'll ever see the street."

He wanted to tell her that she was like an old secondhand trumpet — all battered and noisy; but he saw the neighbors peeking out from the house, and he drew himself up straight to retain his dignity.

Instead of answering, he pulled the book from his pocket and solemnly drew

a pencil through her name. "Now," he announced, "I will not allow *you* to come to my funeral banquet!"

Nobody laughed. That is, he didn't *hear* anybody laugh, and it gave Abraham an idea. At last he had a weapon. Anyone who incurred his wrath, or even his displeasure, would be subject to the interdict. They would be cut off his list and would not be invited to the banquet.

One day, Abraham fell sick, and the funeral banquet became less remote. It would be held in the mission compound, of course, and perhaps the Bishop and the Fathers would add a little to its grandeur. The list of guests was beside the sickbed, and Abraham was happy.

Over in Pen-Hsi-Hu, a little village about a hundred miles from Fushun, lived a nephew of Abraham. This man's name was Wong. Now Wong was much like his uncle when it came to business acumen. "A fast man with a *yen*," they called him, but they respected his honesty.

When Wong heard of his uncle's illness, he came right over to Fushun to care for him. Within a few days, he made arrangements to take the old gentleman back to Pen-Hsi-Hu, where he could give him better attention. It was not long, thereafter, before he sent word over to Fushun that Abraham was dead.

Faraway Wake

WONG read Abraham's list of names, and invited all who were mentioned in it to his uncle's wake, for he was a man of integrity. But Pen-Hsi-Hu was a long distance, even for a funeral banquet, and almost everybody who was invited stayed at home. A few people went to the wake, of course, including Wong's own friends, and they had a banquet. But it was not a large banquet; certainly not a two-hundred-dollar one.

The Chasuble

MANY years ago in one of America's big cities, a cathedral was to be consecrated. A wealthy woman had given, for that occasion, a set of new vestments — things of rare beauty, made of white velvet. White as the foam of Arctic seas was the chasuble, and its soft folds glowed with embroidery in golden thread. It was indeed a noble garment, and well it might be worn only on high feast days, and then only by a bishop. But time, the great leveler, slowly had its way, and as the years went by, the set became known as "the old one."

One day a missionary came begging, and he was given the chasuble. If the long days of dignity had ever seemed monotonous, they were now at last ended. For such a period of excitement and moving about followed, that the chasuble, no longer young, became quite weary, and enjoyed a long nap in a shabby trunk, rocked in the hold of a ship.

But after that, there was a dreadful day of airing under a tropical sun — a sun so fierce that the chasuble grew pale and weak. And with the weakness, started a period of busier life than it had known before. For every day seemed to be a feast day, and the chasuble was roused before daylight in all weathers. But breeding will tell, and it bowed gladly to new years of service.

Hearty Old Veteran

YEARS passed. In old age, it grew thinner, and a bit round-shouldered. One afternoon, the missionary was looking through the vestment case, and picked up the chasuble. He exclaimed: "Well, you are a hearty old veteran! I've got a job for you." And he



put the old chasuble in a bamboo basket to be carried with him.

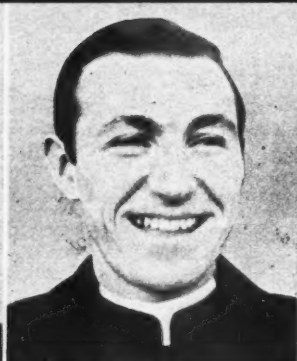
In its grand days in the cathedral, the chasuble always was given a whole drawer to itself; but now the missionary priest, who usually packed the basket himself, wrapped it around two iron candlesticks.

Then for the stately chasuble, began the hardest phase of its life, but perhaps the most glorious. It was terribly happy, though it had gone grey, and dampness had spread a green patch of mildew over it.

Cut in the mountains, in little mud-brick villages, where the Holy Sacrifice was offered on mean, rickety tables, the chasuble was faithful, though the dampness made it hang from the priest's shoulders with a rheumatic twist. But one glory remained: woven in gold within the cross on its back, was a medallion — the Lamb of God, from which a stream of blood poured into a golden chalice. The Lamb never lost its youth, and the Precious Blood poured forth its redeeming flood forever.



Father Foody



Father Lee



Father Madigan

On the Mission Front

Riding the Clouds

FATHER RAYMOND HOHLFELD and I arrived here at Macusani after a cold and almost snow-bound trip. Summoning whatever courage we could melt, we called on the *Alcalde* (Mayor). That kind official gave the key of the town to us as well as a pretty invitation to partake of his table and live in his house.

We were stuck rather forcibly with the differences between this town of Macusani and the more urban Puno. Here we are really riding the clouds at 4,300 meters, (about 14,000 feet). The slightest movement, such as dressing, walking up stairs, or even bending over at the Confitoir at Mass, makes one's heart pound, the blood rush to the head, and breathing difficult. But we are greeted warmly by the people as a Padre should be, with the title of "*Tata*" at every turn of the road.

The people are responding well to our daily Masses. Practically the entire town (five hundred persons) put in an appearance this morning. The future promises a thriving parish if the exacting climate does not take too great a toll. This morning

our sermons were in Spanish, but before long we shall have to start studying Quechua. Most of the natives here know only that, their native tongue. In our five mission stations in the mountains, that language is absolutely essential.

This territory sadly lacks roads and, at times, even trails. If you happen to have a spare mule wandering around the property up there, please send him down.

—Father Stephen P. Foody,
of Bronx, New York City,
now in Macusani, Peru

Sly Sleuthing

OUR DAILY First Communion class in this little town has at times numbered as high as forty-two *ninos* (children). But the average attendance is about thirty. Of course, the day after we give out medals or candy sees a greater number on hand.

To capture these wily creatures of the forest, we had to do some sly sleuthing. Since the call to doctrine classes did not bring a stampede of youngsters to the church, we rounded them up at their games, tracked them down in the streets, and even routed them out of their homes.

In this way, we finally succeeded in having them come "on their own." If, on our way to doctrine class, we encountered a lad armed with his slingshot to kill parrots, our chances of bringing him along were pretty good.

Ten to twelve urchins will pile into one bench, even if one or two of them have to sit on top of someone else. Why they all want the front seat, is beyond us. When we attended catechism classes, the last seats were the coveted spots.

— *Father Robert E. Lee,
of Brooklyn, New York,
now in Central America*

Being Buried Alive

I HAD gone up to the top floor of our mission house in Wuchow to get ready to go to the dentist. When I heard the roar of the bombers, I just took one glance and then ducked back into the room, for they were already dipping into their bombing run, coming in from the West River.

A few seconds later, the giant roar of the bombs down on the foreshore made the building quiver. Then came another roar, closer, and the fragile old structure took on a fearful spasm of shaking. Almost at the same time, there was a deafening roar right in front of us. Then, without a sound, the building leaped up into the air and everything seemed to hang suspended for seconds, and then went to pieces around me — the walls, the floor, everything!

We were going down like an elevator, and I threw out my arms to catch my balance, as the floor tipped forward and I began to fall backwards. Then some-

thing hit me in the face. I do not remember the smoke or the dust, but when everything was clear, I found myself far down under loads and loads of bricks and timbers.

About three hours later, they finally got me dug out. By that time I could hardly wiggle. Everything from the hips down had gone sort of dead. My face had swelled and blackened, but it did not hurt in the least. But here I am, after a few months, still pretty stiff, but getting better and better every day.

— *Father R. Russell Sprinkle,
of Middletown, Ohio,
now in Wuchow, Kwangsi*

One Thousand a Day

THE International Relief Committee is beginning to do good work in Kwangtung. I am chairman of the northeastern section of the Province, and we have just released Father Madigan as chairman of the Hoi-Lukfung section. We were complimented by the Executive Committee's Inspector, Mr. Adams, on the speed with which we organized and began operations. We hope to obtain the release of the six Italian Padres now interned at our seminary, and have them administer the relief in their old parishes to the south of us.

Here in the northeast we have opened relief at Tai-pu, Chiuling, Tungshek, Shakchin, Tsiachang, and Sekhang as well as Meik-sien. We get about \$200,000 in Chinese currency (\$5,000 U.S.) monthly. At present we feed about one thousand daily, but could feed ten thousand profitably (one meal daily each).

— *Bishop Francis X. Ford,
of Brooklyn, New York,
now in Kaying, China*



Father Sprinkle

MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



Tastes Differ

TASTES differ, but the basic needs of the human soul are the same the world over. That is a comfort to the missionary, who is obliged to adopt the customs of others but is not obliged to make others adopt his own. He regrets that his people fail to appreciate symphony orchestras and bathtubs; but he cannot stop to worry about that, as long as they feel the need of light in darkness, comfort in sorrow, and forgiveness of sin. They could get more out of life if they demanded more from life — if they took more trouble to extend their farmholds, beautify their homes, safeguard their health, and improve their minds. All of this he hopes to see them do gradually, and in their own way, with reasonable conformity to Aristotle and Pasteur, but without slavish imitation of anybody. Every man to his own taste, and every nation to its own customs, is the missionary's motto, as he scrupulously advocates liberty in many things and charity in all things, in order to bring about unity in a few things.

The range of his own liberty is as wide as the sky, and yet his tastes remain few and simple; he needs little because he has everything. And he realizes that, of his own many advantages, it was not the trimmings of education and hygiene that gave him what he prizes most; it was a few simple words from the Nicene Creed. "Who on account of us men and for our salvation came down from heaven. And

was made flesh by the Holy Ghost from the Virgin Mary and became man. And was also crucified for us."

Tastes differ, but the missionary asks no more for himself than to hear this heavenly sentence in eternity, and he thinks his people are getting somewhere when they hear it now. He wants to give them every advantage the Redemption made possible for them; but he wants to give them, above all, the Redemption itself.

Harvest Moon

THERE is such a being as a Maryknoll exile, but he has a curious definition all his own. He is not the Maryknoll missionary exiled from his own home amid a strange people; he is the Maryknoll missionary exiled from his adopted home amid his own people. He is a man who made his home, and left his heart, in a distant land so fully and irrevocably that he does not feel at home even at Maryknoll. He is a creature stamped with the apostolate of the far spaces; a wayfarer who has seen many cities and suffered many woes; a soldier hardened by his campaigns for Christ and softened by his communings with Christ; a mixture of star gazer and dirt farmer and a kind father to his people, withal. He does not rejoice in his lot when the turn of events brings him back to us, and we do not know how to solace his exile in the home that nurtured him and in the land that gave him birth.

Amid all his indifference to the attrac-

tions of life as we know it, he seems to reserve his particular disdain for the occasional silver linings in the clouds of our outrageous weather that some optimists dignify by the name of climate. It is not in our heart to blame him for this, when we consider the bright beauty he left behind him in exchanging his colorful Orient and fairyland jungles for our gray, drab, foggy, flat, stale and unprofitable Atlantic Coast. With suitable apologies to unique New Jersey, we have some reserves about this feature of the American scene ourselves. But exiles tend to idealize and over-simplify — and then along comes September to sap his condescending assurance and give him pause.

New York has finally decided to put on its bravest coat. The mists clear away, for the rain-bearing east winds have long been chained in their ocean home, and the southwest breeze pulses over fields that are gay with clover where they do not wave with grain. The maturity of summer lies lush and heavy on the land. Birds chirp in the deep thicket, bees bumble in the bushes, and men bask wherever they can. The world's worst climate is forgiven everything as the old dazzler in the heavens turns on his shining morning face like any school-boy, scattering the same slanting beams amid the silvery birches of the Adirondacks and the poor little window boxes of Park Avenue. We are privileged to live in neither of those favored spots, but we have perched our aerie on the lordly river that links the two. and we share in



the general benignity that radiates from both: The days are sparklers, and the nights that follow are quiet respites from a distracted world now bathed in the peace of the harvest moon.

We thought that would shake him. Not that this exile of ours could ever be completely reconciled to his own home, for he will always have his reservations and his dreams. He has his own opinions about the natives, and we have known him to

entertain serious misgivings about the entire future of modern civilization as contrasted with the rustic heaven of his mission memories. Is this a strange reaction for a man whose feet once knew no other path but city streets, whose eye fell seldom on any

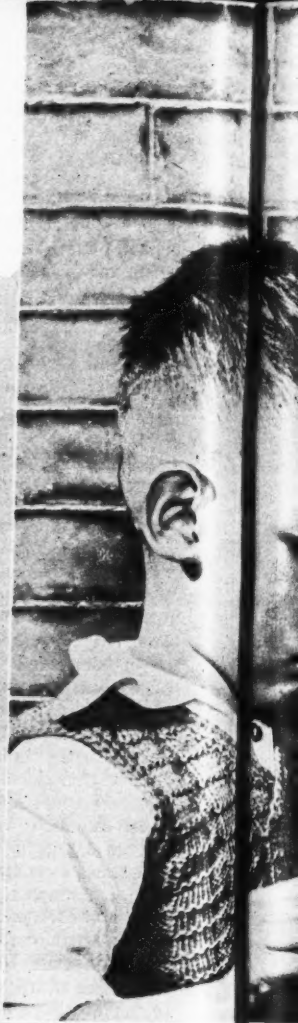
beauty not the work of human hands? He has suffered a sea change. A million hearts beat quicker in the world's greatest city — and certainly a million feet step livelier — but he has known the lure of the world's far corners where a million souls are needier. He has seen the people of the world, and where they dwell, and what they need, and how they live and die. He has become one with them, and we cannot break the spell. We can only console him a little with New York's September, which puts the first dent in his armor, the first gleam of interest in his eye. He has walked so long in the fields white for the harvest that he resisted everything until he saw our harvest moon.



He that loveth his neighbor has fulfilled the law. — ROM. 13. 8.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

PIPES OF PEACE



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LONG, TUBULAR, BAMBOO PIPES like the one Ah Sam and Ah See are lighting for venerable Grandpa, and slender-stemmed, brass water-pipes such as the one on the left, are the Dunhills and Meerschaums of rural China. "Drink a cupful of tea, eat a mouthful of smoke," is the hospitable greeting of the gracious Chinese host. Cups may be slightly stained, and pipes a bit the worse for use, but the warmth of brotherly kindness is there.



Hevell

Sleep Baby Sleep

by WILKIE GORDON

GROMPALO was leaning on the handle of his hoe and dreaming of a cool, downy bed, about an acre in area. For Grompalo was tired — tired in a heavy, deadening sort of way that made pudding of his muscles.

But one should give way to sleep only at stated intervals: at night, of course, when the sun went down, and during siesta time, in the intense heat of the South American midday. When Pedro arrived, Grompalo was leaning on the hoe and his head was hanging limply as though there were no bones in his neck.

"Hey, Grompalo!" called Pedro. "What's the matter? Did you lose something?"

"Huh?"

"I said, 'What are you looking for on the ground?' Maybe you lost something, huh?"

"No, I got everything." Grompalo made a perfunctory run through his pockets as if to authenticate his words. Then he seemed to awaken momentarily and said, "Hello, Pedro!"

"Hello, Grompalo! Hey, Grompalo, you look funny. What's the matter—you sick?"

"No, I'm not sick."

"Maybe you got too much wine, maybe?"

"No, Pedro. You know I don't drink no wine. When you have got a big bunch of kids, like me, you don't have no money to drink wine."

"Looks like you got something pretty bad, Grompalo." Pedro was worried over the condition of his friend. "Maybe you better sit down under the tree."

"I'm okay, Pedro. Just a little tired; I don't get no sleep."

"That's no good," said Pedro sympathetically. "You have to get some sleep."

"That's right, Pedro, some sleep. But my little girl, little Marita, she keeps me awake all night."

"Oh, too bad, Grompalo. Is she very sick?"

"Oh, no. She's not sick. But every time that little kid goes to sleep she begins to dream, and then she walks out the door, and I have to follow her and bring her back."

"Oh, that's not serious," Pedro laughed. "Many people walk in their sleep. Where does she walk?"

"That's the trouble, Pedro. Always she walks in the same direction, over to the *Scalagato*."

Grompalo pointed to a sharp, thin spear of rock that rose from the hilly land where his farm was located. All the country thereabouts was mountainous, but the little peak was famous for its steepness. Around the bare rock, a very narrow, rough road aptly called *Scalagato*, the "cat walk," spired to the top. It was barely wide enough for a man to walk, and the drop on the outer side was over a hundred feet. At best, it was a dangerous place, and the thought of little Marita walking the path in her sleep brought beads of perspiration to Pedro's forehead.

"Say, Pedro," said the farmer, "what do you think I better do? Sometime I gotta sleep, and maybe my little baby, she walk over the cliff. What do you think I better do, huh, Pedro?"

Pedro thought for a while and ran his hand through his black, curly hair as if in

intense concentration. He was a giant of a young man, clean-cut and wholesome. His quick, sympathetic mind made him a favorite among the residents of the little Indian village of Chica, in Bolivia. Grompalo waited patiently because he knew that when Pedro would offer a suggestion, it would be sensible.

"Look, Grompalo," Pedro began. "Why don't you get a nice piece of rope and tie it around Marita when she goes to bed? You tie one end to Marita and the other end to your arm, and then when little Marita starts to walk, she will wake you up."

"Maybe I will try that, Pedro, but I do not like to tie her with a rope."

"Say, Grompalo," Pedro said, brightening at the dawn of another thought, "I know another thing to do. I will take Marita for a nice long walk today, and tonight she will be tired and sleep without getting out of bed."

"I tell you, Pedro, that is a better idea. Maybe she will sleep tonight; and if she does not, I will tie her with a rope tomorrow night."

The two walked towards the house and found Marita playing happily, unconscious of the blistering sun. She had two rag dolls and a toy dog and was ordering them around like a New England schoolteacher. She did not see the two men approaching.

"Hello, sweetheart," Pedro called. "Hey, how is my girl today?"

At the sound of Pedro's voice, Marita rose from the ground, ran towards him and made a flying leap into his arms. With her chubby arms locked tightly around his neck, she squeezed until Pedro's face grew red.

"Ho," laughed Grompalo, "she likes you pretty good. What do you say, Marita — you like Pedro better than your papa, huh?"

"No, siree!" said Pedro as he ruffled her hair. "I don't want a fresh kid like this Marita. I bet you, Grompalo, if I had a girl like Marita, I would give her a big beating every morning before breakfast. You getting scared, Marita?"

The child laughed with a tinkling sound and clung closer to Pedro. She was as lovely and as happy and playful as a little kitten. She had deep, large, lustrous eyes and ebony-black hair, and as she snuggled in Pedro's arms, she looked like a little angel who had dropped from a cloud.

"Marita, sweetheart," Pedro said, "do you want to go for a walk with me?"

"Uh, huh."

They started towards the road, and in a little while turned off the dusty road which penetrated the jungle. She was walking now, skipping and chattering with one of his fingers gripped in her little hand.

"Where are we going, Pedro?" she asked as the dense jungle growth began to close around them.

"I am going to take you to see a Beautiful Lady, Marita," he replied.

"A Lady, Pedro? Do I know her?"

"Maybe. I don't know. But she knows you, sweetheart."

From time to time, Pedro and the child stopped to gather flowers, and all the while Pedro and his companion kept a sprightly conversation in progress. The afternoon sun did not penetrate the leafy roof of the forest, and the air was cool beneath the trees, and the wild jungle flowers they carried in their arms gave off a delightful bouquet.



Soon Marita saw before them the stones of an old building. Crumbling and rugged, the walls and arches rested unobtrusively behind the thick verdure that had sprouted all around. The building was the famous old Cathedral of *San Francisco* that, centuries before, had been the center of a large, prosperous community.

"Pedro," she asked, "is this where the Beautiful Lady lives?"

"Yes, dear. The Beautiful Lady has lived here for many years. Should you like to go in and see her now?"

"Is she at home, Pedro?"

"Yes, she is at home."

Inside the cathedral was much like the exterior. Huge piles of rock and crumbling masonry made hills and valleys of the floor, and tall grass grew from the moldy ruins. Even the trees had sprung up and pushed their branches towards the open roof.

In one corner there was a small altar, and upon it, an old, delicately carved statue of Our Lady. The space all around the altar was polished and bedecked with flowers.

As soon as Marita saw the statue, she left Pedro and walked directly towards the altar. There was no hesitancy. With a charming smile, she said: "Hello, Beautiful Lady. My name is Marita."

If Pedro told the story, he would say that the Lady smiled back at Marita. Very few people would believe him, and the more enlightened of his audience might tap their heads knowingly, like the Pharisees; but if Pedro said that she smiled back, it might have some basis in fact. Whether the Lady smiled or not, Marita felt quite at home and busied herself by helping Pedro arrange the fresh flowers. Before long she was talking to Our Lady just as volubly as if she were in her own house.

"You know, Beautiful Lady," said Pedro. "I think it would be nice if you would sing a lullaby song to little Marita when she goes to bed."

Marita looked up in surprise when her name was mentioned. From the serious look on Pedro's face, she seemed to divine that something else was coming. "She makes her papa worry very much," he continued, "because when she is asleep, she

takes a walk sometimes. She goes over to the *Scalagato*, and that is a dangerous place to go."

Marita dropped her eyes, much in the manner of a child who is being informed that she is not pretty. When

Pedro spoke to Our Lady about how Grompalo was losing so much sleep, Marita became thoroughly ashamed, and two tears rolled down her cheeks.

Pedro saw how sad she was, and put his arm around her shoulders. "Don't cry, sweetheart," he said. "We would better hurry up now, because we must get the pretty flowers in front of the Beautiful Lady, so she will be all dressed up when the birds and the little fairies come down to see her."

That night Marita was asleep as soon as her tired little body touched the bed.

"You think that my little baby will go for a walk tonight, Pedro?" asked Grompalo. "Maybe she'll sleep all night, huh?"

"I think she has walked far enough for one day," Pedro laughed. "She is very tired."

The accumulated hours of fatigue settled into Grompalo's overworked body when the sun had gone down, and he slipped into unconsciousness as quickly as his daughter. Pedro had offered to remain and watch the child, but Grompalo would not hear of it. He said that it was (Continued on page 38)



Scratching the Surface

by JOSEPHINE LOFTUS



As school opens this fall in Panama.



Sister Socorro Maria starts the boys,



Sister Concepta Marie makes friends

"GOOD EVENIN', Sistuh!"

Even were their eyes closed, a certain few Maryknollers would know they were nearing St. Vincent's Parish, Panama City, if that cry from the husky throats of some hundred little Negroes fell upon their ears. Any time after noon is evening, to these youngsters.

When the first contingent of Sisters arrived in the Canal Zone, last November, they found work awaiting them that extended over a wide area. There was the large Gorgas Hospital, operated by the Government and specializing in tropical diseases; the Leprosarium at Palo Seco; and the homes of the natives. In all of these, the Sisters would assume the comprehensive role of parish visitor, social worker, and general confidante.

To the Sisters, the most surprising fact learned was that the feeling between the whites and the Negroes is fully as vehement as that which exists in our own Southern States. The Jim Crow Law under another name is in full force.

In the Caledonia section, for instance, the Sisters met a young blind man with his wife and children. The wife explained that it is hard for her to believe in the brotherhood of Christ when her own race is the object of such bitter prejudice and injustice. The situation is particularly noticeable and painful, she said, in mixed congregations.

The Superior of the territory, Father Hild, C.M., aware of the tremendous opportunities for catechetical and social work among the Negroes, asked the Maryknoll Sisters to take over in Panama City. In order to start from the beginning with the

children, the Sisters organized a religious-instruction class and began teaching them the rudiments of their Faith.

In one class alone, the enrollment quickly went above a hundred. Although the makeshift classroom was spacious and the seating facilities more than adequate, the children, accustomed to inconvenient quarters, insisted upon sitting together. As if to bolster up their courage, they squeezed themselves in groups of twos and threes into each seat. This was a major difficulty because, as long as the children were so close, they giggled and chatted.

Winged Companions

INSPIRATION came to the Sister in charge. The doctrine of the Guardian Angels had proved particularly appealing to the timid youngsters, and they remembered it very well. She asked the class in general if they knew anything about their Guardian Angels, and the answer was an enthusiastic affirmative. Then she told them that, if they sat so close together, there was no room for their winged companions to sit down. The youngsters promptly separated and sat in their individual chairs.

Comparing notes with their Sisters in St. Louis, who opened the first Maryknoll school for Negroes two years ago, the Canal Zoners found that their local conditions are very similar: the same people, in poorer houses; the same racial feeling, with greater application; the same urgency for



Sister Lelia launches Catholic Action

daily education of the young in the principles of sound, Catholic doctrine.

At the present writing, a school for the Negroes in St. Vincent's Parish, Panama City, is under construction. This, of course, will be a full-time occupation for a greater number of Sisters than are now in residence in this area.

These two ventures among the Negroes are small — infinitesimal — in comparison with the need. They merely scratch the surface of a vast, waiting field.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS,
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

I _____

Address _____

enclose herewith \$ _____, my share in helping to equip and transport your missionaries to fields afar.

As long as possible, I will send \$ _____ each month, for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.

More Sisters Overseas

THE new school for Negroes in Panama is being opened by: Sister Mary Augustine Kuper, Baltimore, Md.; Sister Miriam Jogues Shanahan, Pompey, N. Y.; Sister Rose Therese Werner, Fowler, Mich. Sister M. St. Paul Linehan, Manchester, N. H. Our St. Bernadette's School for Negroes in St. Louis, Mo., welcomes an addition to the teaching staff in the persons of: Sister Frances Marion Gardner, Seattle, Wash.; Sister Mariel Vitcavage, W. Pittstown, Penn.; and Sister M. Romanus Loneran, Newport, R. I.

New life comes to the jungle border of Bolivia with: Sister Anne Marion Frei, Elizabeth, N. J., and Sister James Elise Connell, Wilmington, Del.

To supplement the staffs of Maryknoll Missions in California are: Sister Mary Rachel Jackson, Mansfield, O., at Los Altos; Sister Maria Hostia Bruns, St. Louis, Mo., and Sister Damien Marie McGovern, Elmhurst, N. Y., at Monrovia; Sister Rose Karen McGrale, Milton, Mass., at San Juan Bautista; Sister Rose Eucharista Wilson, Chicago, Ill., at Guadalupe. At San Juan Capistrano, Maryknoll's newest home, are Sister M. Tarcisius Doherty

and Sister Clemence Marie Doherty, Arlington, Mass.; Sister M. Camillus Reynolds; Brushton, N. Y.; Sister Clare de Sales Van Arshoven, Chula Vista, Cal.; and Sister Rose Daniel Kelleher, Normandy, Mo.

Natives of Bluefields, Nicaragua are now being introduced to: Sister Marie Estelle Coupe, Lonsdale, R. I., Sister Mary Kathleen Ryan, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sister Elma Belscher, Hamburg, N. Y., Sister Margaret Patricia Walsh, Scranton, Penn., Sister Grace Dolores O'Donnell, Sedalia, Mo., and Sister Rose Anna Tobin, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Some time later, when censorship permits, the destination of the following Sisters will be revealed: Sister M. Gemma Shea, Melrose, Mass., Sister M. Jean Dicks, Chicago, Ill., Sister Stella Marie Flagg, Yonkers, N. Y., Sister M. Corita Herrgen, Stamford, Conn., Sister Rose David Bradley, New York City, Sister M. Leonard Renaud, Fitchburg, Mass., Sister Grace Mary Naab, Ridgewood, N. J., and Sister Carla Marie Theiler, Tomahawk, Wis.

THE Maryknoll Sisters' Cloistered Branch completed its life cycle when on June 23d it placed in God's acre the first of its household to die.

Sister Eileen Marie Mattern was born in Greeley, Colorado, in 1910, entered Maryknoll in 1928, and was professed in 1937. In 1933 she was assigned to the Maryknoll

Cloister where her childlike character expressed its spiritual beauty with lovely simplicity. It is easy to believe that her

pure soul winged its way straight to the waiting, outstretched arms of Christ.

But we may not presume upon God's mercy and so we commend her soul to your prayers.





THE MISSING CHAPEL

MANY of our friends all over the country are showing a heartening interest in our "missing chapel." We are grateful for the thoughtful gifts that have been received for the Chapel Fund, and we have been deeply impressed by the spirit which prompted them.

Particularly interesting have been the offerings of our friends in memory of their loved ones: "My Dad," "My wonderful mother!" — or, as has happened on one sad occasion, "My brave son who went down with his ship."

Just recently a young lady gave \$500 for the chapel. We know it represented the accumulated savings and sacrifices of many years. Accompanying her generous gift was a striking message: "For a long time I have wanted to do something in honor of my dear Dad. He was such a

good man, and worked so hard for all of us, that I feel I ought to do something in grateful memory of him. I have waited for a long time to find something appropriate. When I heard of the chapel, I knew it was the answer, for it can do so much in passing into the lives of others the same fine faith and goodness that made my father such a wonderful man."

Yes, this Seminary chapel, to be built as soon as possible after the war (as soon, of course, as we have the money for it) will be an ideal means of perpetuating the memory of your loved one. And please remember that any gift, no matter how small, will be very gratefully accepted.

For further information, please write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

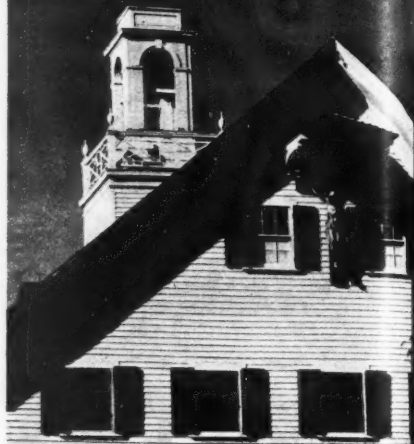
Knoll Notes

Boot Training

TRAINEES for Maryknoll, to the tune of fifty-odd, will get their "boot training" at the Maryknoll Novitiate, near historic Bedford, Massachusetts. Situated on the banks of the placid, slow-moving Concord River, just a few miles from the Old North Bridge and the site where the Minute Men made their gallant stand and fired the shot heard round the world, a group of frame buildings in New England style greet the rookie missionary. Before the year is out, he will know every inch of these buildings, from the low-ceilinged cellar to the "widow's walk" around the cross-topped belfry. The spirit of the Minute Men pervades Bedford and infects the novices, whose job is to attack their faults and blaze away at their imperfections, preparing the way for a freedom of spirit that will send these young missionaries out to the world to overcome ignorance, superstition, and injustice.

Salute to Valor

UNCLE SAM's boys in Army khaki and



Bedford, house of strong resolves

Navy blue are frequent visitors at the Knoll. Black-uniformed cadets in the army of Christ gather around to hear the tales of valor recounted by the visiting heroes. Often these visitors are Maryknollers' own brothers or cousins. There is mutual admiration and reciprocal envy here. Seminarians in training to be officers in Christ's army gaze starry-eyed on those who have distinguished themselves in battle. The heroes, in turn, tired of the carnage and bloodshed of an ugly job that had to be done, wistfully long to share in the missionaries' more enduring work of reconstructing a world in charity and justice. With due reservations,

●
"It happened this way," the soldier regales the missionaries



the story of war is good for both soldier and seminarian.

Haying Time

"MAKE hay while the sun shines" is a rather "corny" adage but true, nevertheless, and especially so at the Knoll. Dynamic Monsignor Ligutti's Rural Life Movement is making us all more farm-conscious, as he opens up to us new vistas to be explored and new ways of bringing Christ into the lives of our people, wherever they may be. From August seventh to eleventh, mission-bound Padres filled notebooks with valuable information gleaned from the lectures given by Rural Life experts at Maryknoll. Going to countries where the people are for the most part agricultural, the missionaries want data on co-operatives, rural schools, and the rural apostolate.

Canners and Cowherders

FATHERS JOSEPH W. CONNORS, of Pittsfield, Mass., Rector of the Maryknoll Apostolic College at Clarks Summit, Pa., and a veteran of Korean missions, is glad to see his boys back from vacation. The college canning project, under the direction of Father Maurice F. Ahern, of Chicago, formerly of Kaying, China, is putting up sufficient tomatoes to carry the community through the school year. A collection of livestock made up of steers, sheep, pigs, ducks, chickens, and one pet ram — saved from the ax to spare the feelings of Fordham fans — will solve the meat rationing problem. Brother Theodore, Kansas cowboy, assisted by tenderfoot "studes" from Brooklyn and the Bronx, keeps this motley herd coralled until S (slaughter) Day.

The late beloved Betsy and Patsy, gone at last to the farm-horse heaven



Young Men Dream Dreams

by JOHN J. CONSIDINE

SOME years ago in New Orleans a young priest, who seemingly appeared out of nowhere, rendered me the kind favor of a friendly good turn.

"Mighty fine of you to go out of your way for me in this fashion," I remarked.

"Not at all," the priest replied. "Fact is, I did not do it for you personally, but because you are a missionary. During seminary days I became interested in the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, attended the Buffalo convention, and determined at the time to be helpful to missionaries whenever I could."

After twenty-five years of Crusade activity, there is a whole generation of Catholic leaders in America today who possess this attitude. Catholic teachers — priests, Sisters, Brothers, lay professors — were potentially mission-minded long before they ever thought of missions; at the gentlest murmur of some such sentence as "Christ died for all," they respond like the compass to the north star.

But the fact is that most teachers or students during the past generation would have received very little consistent acquaintance with the missions, but for the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

The Crusade was cleverly conceived as a holding company for an ideal: it planned to send out no missionaries, to gather no funds, but to concentrate on planting the standard of world spiritual conquest among the youth of America. Because the Crusade wanted nothing for itself but to give itself, all quarters of the Church in the United States have rallied to it, and many coun-

tries of Europe have copied it. Catholic America had practically no missionaries overseas when the Crusade was founded. The average growth of our foreign forces during this quarter of a century has been a hundred new missionaries yearly, and one of the greatest single influences in bringing this about has been the Crusade.

The Crusade contributed tremendously to a three-fold victory within the Church in America: (1) intelligent acceptance of the mission idea; (2) generous support of missions; (3) widespread dedication to the missionary career. Tens of thousands of priests, teachers, and representative laymen now coming into leadership in our American Catholic life, have a spark within them that was put there by the Crusade, and that spark promises to ignite all Catholic affairs in the mankind-conscious generation of the years ahead.

Principal credit for Crusade accomplishment goes to Bishop Frank A. Thill, of Concordia, Kansas, who was for seventeen years national secretary of the movement. Other Crusaders have likewise labored valorously, and we regret that we cannot make reference to them — some of the pioneer days, like Father Clifford King, S.V.D., the founder, and some of the present day, like Monsignor Freking, now national secretary. But none will begrudge tribute to Mr. Paul Spaeth, the educational secretary, and his wife, Louise, who for almost the entire quarter of a century have whipped into line the ideas that have been the life blood of the day-to-day activities of Crusade units in Catholic schools.



Silver Jubilee Mass in Cincinnati Cathedral, celebrated by Archbishop McNicholas to commemorate twenty-five years of full and vigorous life of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade of America

SLEEP BABY SLEEP

(Continued from page 29)

useless for Pedro to lose sleep, too. It was about midnight when Grompalo opened his eyes. The house was dark, except for the pale beams of moonlight that streamed through the windows. Something wasn't quite right; his sleep-fuddled mind began to assemble the facts of the day until they settled on Marita, and then he arose quickly and walked over to the child's bed. It was empty.

A sickening, panicky feeling settled down into his stomach as he fumbled with his trousers and ran towards the *Scalagato*. The peak looked like a jagged steel blade in the light of the moon, but there was no sign of Marita.

The village of Chica was quiet as the distracted father raced towards Pedro's house.

"Pedro, Pedro!" the farmer called. "Wake up, Pedro. It is Marita; she is gone!"

"Did you look at the *Scalagato*?" Pedro asked, coming out the door.

"Yes, Pedro, and she is not there. I am afraid she fell down the cliff."

The two were already on the way back to the place where the child usually walked. Neither spoke, but they were breathing heavily from the exertion of running up the hills. They searched the narrow pits and crags at the base of the *Scalagato* for about an hour, but to no avail.

"Grompalo," Pedro said, "you stay here and look some more, and I will be back pretty soon with some more men."

As he approached the village, he crossed the path which led into the jungle where the cathedral was located. The thought of Our Lady seemed to impress itself firmly on his mind, and he turned into

the dark pathway towards the cathedral.

The moon, shining through a hole in the crumbling roof, caught the whiteness of Marita's gown. She was at the altar of Our Lady, curled up in the midst of the flowers and sleeping soundly. Overhead, the statue of the Beautiful Lady was enlivened by the brilliance of the tropic night. Her hands outstretched, with their long, delicate fingers, seemed to hover protectively above the little girl.

"Oh, ho!" said Pedro quietly. "So you came back again. I thought you would."

He gathered the child up in his arms and carried her to Grompalo's house. The father was watching the road when he approached.

"You have found her, Pedro! Where was she?"

He spoke in a whisper so as not to awaken Marita, who, with arms around Pedro's neck once again, was asleep on his shoulder.

"She was at church," said Pedro. "She was making a visit to Our Lady."

Grompalo thought a moment and then brightened up. "Hey, Pedro," he said, "maybe it's a nice miracle, huh? Maybe my little baby won't go near the *Scalagato* again, huh?"

"Might be," Pedro agreed.

"Say, Pedro," the father continued, "I can go to sleep at night now, and I don't have to worry no more. You think so?"

"Sure, I think so," said Pedro slowly; "but maybe if you've got a nice piece of rope, you can tie one end around Marita when the children have gone to sleep, and then tie the other end around your arm."

Pedro untwined the child's arms from his neck and laid her down gently. Then, in the manner of pious Indians, he made a small Sign of the Cross over her heart and went home to bed.

If your postal Zone does not appear in the address on this magazine, please add it, tear off the address and mail it to us.

NO, WE'RE not asking you to pack your bag and go along with the latest band of Maryknollers assigned to the missions. As a matter of fact, it's too late for that, anyway, for they're all well on their way, now.

But, frankly, we do respectfully submit for your approval a little plan to go "part way" with these twenty Maryknollers. Our idea, with your permission, involves a bit of rejuggling of your budget to help us supply any portion (no matter how large or how small!) of the \$500 that it costs to transport each missionary to his particular mission outpost—many thousands of miles away.

If it were only a matter of finding the fare for one or two of our men, we could do that without much further ado. But twenty times \$500 makes this another one of those horses of a different color. You can imagine the furrowed brow of the good Maryknoll Treasurer when he sees the sum total of \$10,000 staring up at him. That gives him a first-class problem!

But we feel sure that our loyal friends will help us again to solve this problem. Several of you have already contributed to the 1944 Departure Fund. And believe it, we're more than grateful for your gracious thought of us. If we can find a few hundred more persons to be as generous as you are, and to go at least "part way" with our Padres, then the problem will be completely and happily solved. Before the missionary finally reaches the thatched

shack in the jungles, or the adobe house in the mountains, or the wooden structure in a town, that will be his home and the base for his labors.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

I am interested in helping to equip and to send your new group of missionaries to the fields afar. Enclosed find \$_____ towards the \$500 needed for each of them.

My Name _____

My Address _____



World Christianity

by PETER COSMON

FOR ALL OF LIFE AND ALL OF THE LIVING

IT WAS an Old World custom, very beautiful in its day, to kiss the feet of missionaries who were leaving their homeland to go forth to preach the Gospel. This had its origin in a line of Isaiah quoted by Saint Paul. "How then," reads the passage (*Romans 10:14-15*), "shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe him, of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent? as it is written (*here Saint Paul quotes Isaiah 52:7*), How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, of them that bring glad tidings of good things."

Sent to All Men

OUR CATHOLIC instincts have always prompted us, and our fathers before us, to honor the apostle. Any man who belongs in the category of men who deny themselves, who dedicate themselves to unselfishness in the interests of God, we place among the great.

But to complete the picture, we must think not only of those who go, but of those to whom they are sent. And in this our Catholic instincts and our Catholic dogmas again serve us well. In all Catholic teaching, there is the note of universality: the universality of God's providence, the unity of the human race, the universal brotherhood of man, Christ's death to

achieve universal salvation.

Let us not deceive ourselves, therefore; we are not doing anything particularly commendable if we gaze in rapt admiration upon the apostle, but fail to gaze upon the millions, humanly inviting or uninviting, to whom the apostle goes. Christ did not lay down as one of the great commandments, "Thou shalt love God's apostles." Rather, He said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Heaven has its eye on the man to whom the apostle goes. So should we.

Seventeen in Every Twenty

THOSE to whom the apostle goes represent seventeen out of every twenty people on earth. The population of the world is approximately 2,000,000,000. Catholics number hardly more than 300,000,000; that is, some three out of every twenty.

To those who are Christian but not in communion with the Holy See, the apostle goes, to invite them to return to unity: some 200,000,000 Protestants and over 100,000,000 Greek, Russian, and other dissident Christians in Eastern and Southern Europe, separated from Rome. The non-Christian multitude to whom the apostle goes numbers approximately 1,400,000,000. We must know and feel with, and feel for, this whole great world of peoples, or it will be extremely hard for us to be practically catholic in our Catholicity.

Miss Frances Sweeney, a thoughtful Catholic teacher in a New York high school, wrote recently, in the *Teachers College Record* of Columbia University, on our rapidly widening world neighborhood and what it is to mean in teaching our boys and girls.

"We need to build up a study of world cultures," says Miss Sweeney "that will be rich enough in background and broad enough in scope to give our boys and girls a realistic picture commensurate with their intellectual ability and maturity, of the way people live and think in other parts of the world. They must come to see that conformity to a given pattern of life is not prerequisite to learning to live together. People may differ in color, their customs may seem strange; but they have made and are making a contribution to world society, and we must learn to live with them. What they do and how they live has meaning to them, if not to us; and, in like manner, what we do and how we live has meaning to us and may have none for them. When each sees the meanings in the way of life of the other, better understandings can take place."

We are interested in bringing mankind to God, not in any partisan spirit of merely seeing the triumph of the religious body to which by God's favor we happen to belong, but because faith gives us the conviction that for God's glory and the good of all men, both during life and in the afterlife, this is the religion ordained by God as mankind's faithful beacon and true guide.

Ten-Second Examination

WITH this in mind, give yourself now a little ten-second examination:

1) What do I know, or seem to care, about my fellow Catholics over the earth, in North and South America, England, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Poland, Africa, Asia, Australia — the

whole 300,000,000?

2) What do I know, or seem to care, about my brothers of Protestant faith, in America, the British Isles, Scandinavia, continental Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia — the whole 200,000,000?

3) What do I know, or seem to care, about the dissident Christians, principally in Eastern and Southern Europe but also in our own land — the whole 100,000,000?

4) What do I know, or seem to care, about the non-Christians of the earth, in the Americas, Europe, Africa, India, China, Japan, the South Seas — the whole 1,400,000,000 of them?

It goes without saying that we do not refer here merely to a knowledge of encyclopedia facts about peoples. "What we call a Nation," says Saint-Exupery, "is certainly not the sum of the religions, customs, cities, farms, and the rest that man's intelligence is able at any moment to add up. It is a *Being*."

Every Man's Pulse

WE WISH to come to know this "being" in every people, to feel its pulse, so often so surprisingly like our own.

Our religion bids us enjoy this community of interests with all men. World Christianity is the systematic cultivation in children, young folks, and adults of: (1) a knowledge of, and regard for, the peoples of the earth, our brothers in Christ, and appreciation of our responsibility to promote the welfare of all mankind according to Christian ideals; (2) devotion to the Church's task of carrying to all non-Catholics and non-Christians Christ's teachings and life of charity.



Answer to a Challenge

IT CAN be done!

If thousands of priests are needed to fill empty parishes and territory now without priests, in the United States . . .

If more thousands of priests are needed to go out over the world, to help the teeming millions of men who are unknowingly waiting for the teachings of Christ . . .

If we are convinced that the peace of the world is in our hands . . .

Then the United States must meet the challenge. The youth of this nation must be prepared to take Christ to all men. For many years the world has tried without God, and failed. Now amidst the crumbling walls of nations, Christ still stands among the ruins. It is for the youth of America to take Him to ALL men. Other men are dying that there may be peace. American youth is only asked to live and take the Prince of Peace to ALL men of ALL nations.

American youth is willing to take up this challenge. We know this because we have talked to young men and women in all parts of the country. We know this because more than four hundred young men can now be found in Maryknoll seminaries over the country. America's youths need only to have the problem presented to them. This is where priests, laymen, and even youth itself, can help.

One night back in 1919, three boys were walking along a gaslit Brooklyn street, wondering what they could do with themselves. Their club in the Catholic school had been closed that day because the building was going to be demolished. They looked about them for something to occupy their time, and one of them suggested "crashing" a party that he had overheard

his sisters planning to attend. The suggestion was quickly adopted; within a few moments, the boys were safely inside the Macon Street home where the party was to be held.

What they discovered taking place was a girls' meeting of a Maryknoll Circle. Whether the attraction was the coffee and doughnuts being served, or the presence of so many young ladies, the boys remained for the rest of the meeting. It was the first time they had ever heard of Maryknoll. On the way home that night, they decided that they would start their own Maryknoll Club. They wrote to Maryknoll for help, and within a week Father "Sandy" Cairns was in Brooklyn to get things started.

That was in 1919. This year that club, called "The Venard Club," celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary. Every year the members of the club pay a collective visit to Maryknoll. The club is always ready to give help to the missions. Some of its members have become Maryknoll priests and Brothers. Some are priests in Brooklyn. One of the boys who wandered about the streets and "crashed" the party, back in 1919, is today Maryknoll's Father Martin Burke.

Why do we tell this story? Simply because, through clubs such as these, American boys receive the challenge of the priesthood; they receive the encouragement which is so necessary when they first feel God's call to a higher and more noble life. Why can't vocational clubs be formed in every parish over the country? Why can't a group of boys or girls get together and form their own club? There is no reason why they cannot.

No one will ever know exactly how many of vocations to the priesthood, Bro-

therhood, and Sisterhood have been fostered by Catholic Students' Mission Crusade Units, but they are many. Here are mission clubs in action. There is no reason why groups such as these can not be started in every parish of the nation. Then we should see America answering the challenge of taking Christ to ALL men.

The Passionist Fathers in Chicago have published a small booklet called *Vocational Club Handbook*. It shows how to form and conduct such a club. The booklet can be had by writing to St. John Bosco Vocational Club, 5700 North Harlem Avenue, Chicago 31, Illinois.

Two pamphlets published by the Passionist Fathers should prove of advantage for distribution. Boys and girls who want to follow the religious life, but do not know just where to go, will find them of the greatest use. All the American societies working throughout the United States and the mission lands are listed, with their type of work, history, requirements of entrance, and so on. The booklet for boys is called *Follow Me*; the one for girls, *Follow Him*. They can be obtained from the above address.

At Maryknoll we still have some copies of our vocational booklet, *You Can Change the World*. These booklets can be obtained as long as the supply lasts. Other information will also be sent as it is published.

MARYKNOLL FATHERS.

MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

Please send me information about becoming a Maryknoll missionary. I should like a copy of your vocational booklet.

My name _____

My address _____

Three-Minute Meditation

"Peace be to you!" — John 20:26

A NEW YORK newspaper recently carried a significant editorial on the devastating effects of the war. It pointed out that a photograph just published had shown the desolate waste of a beautiful town after the opposing forces had finished with it.

Then the writer continued: "It shows how quickly modern war can turn a pleasant and populous countryside with all that gave it life and character and historic significance into a graveyard. The same thing is happening to every town in the way of the contending armies. The unbearable part of the picture of destruction is that it costs so much to destroy what the civilized world aches to save."

It is a far cry from this horrible picture of war to the vision of the Prince of Peace, saying: "Peace be to you!"

But He is still offering His peace, day after day, to all men, despite the terrible tragedy of war. What is needed most is a conviction on our part that we can bring His peace to all men as He bade us do, instead of to a select few. Once we are convinced that this can be done, with His help, then great progress will be made for the peace of the world. And for those who assist in bringing His peace to the world, He has a special blessing: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.



The road to Untuca is a snow-covered mountain pass with many precipices

Mountain-Hopping Padre

by THOMAS J. CAREY

WHEN Major-domo demanded a horse, I knew that we were in for a hard journey because, to Major-domo, a steep mountain road is nothing but scenery. He can almost walk up the side of a wall like a fly. When he, of all people, insisted upon riding, the road to Untuca began to assume dangerous proportions in my mind.

Breakfast was a banquet that morning but I must confess that to me it was like a condemned man's last meal. Usually it is a cup of coffee and two "rubber" buns. But today oatmeal, then an egg — the first I have seen for three months — then fried potatoes, onions, and a tender piece of meat were served. Midst many good wishes for a safe journey, we started off.

At two o'clock we reached the *Finca* (ranch) of Florentio Casseras, called *Lagua la Wanní*. He invited us to stay overnight. The next morning we made an early start in order to cross Apacheta before noon for the natives say it always rains there at

noon. Apacheta is the pass. It is 18,000 feet high. The road is difficult.

After passing several narrow rocky places that brinked the precipice and had me trembling in the saddle, Andulasia, who was taking the lead, said: "Father, would you mind dismounting? The road just ahead of us is bad."

At ten o'clock we rested the horses. My companions said we would just have time to pass Apacheta before the rains. No one knew how high this place was. With all the ups and downs it was impossible to say.

Just as we were starting off, Major-domo told me that there was a woman nearby who was very sick. It took a half hour to reach her hut, anoint her, and get back to the path. We passed through a narrow defile and came to the blackest-looking lake I have ever seen. It is called San Francisco. A halt was called and I was asked to bless the lake. They said it had an evil spirit so I complied willingly.

We now went up sharply towards where the melted snow poured down. The bed of a stream, full of smooth round stones, was our road. The terrain was too rough for riding. Even the unburdened horses were stumbling and soon I was stumbling too, and ice cold water poured into my shoes. The ascent was very steep. The rarity of the air made breathing so difficult that I had pains in my chest and stomach. Although I stopped frequently, the gasping continued—it was a frightening sensation.

About 2000 feet higher, the snow came in place of the rain. Going through the snow, I slipped and fell several times because my feet were numb with cold. My companion noticed and motioned to me to get on the mule. It was an effort, but I was glad to be sitting down again. The mule at first carried me fifty feet before resting but gradually the distance diminished to ten as we reached the top where the snow was three feet deep.

Aches Everywhere

WHEN we were going down the other side, the snow changed to rain. My feet and hands were numb with the cold, and my whole body ached. I felt like getting off the horse and lying in the snow and resting a while, but knew better. The path descended abruptly. The rain came in a

steady downpour and washed cakes of snow off my hat, and even penetrated the hat itself, adding insult to injury as the rivulets rolled from my bald spot.

Quite a ways down the mountain, I thought it would be less painful to walk than to ride. I got off the mule — but after three steps, I fell. They told me to get back on the horse but I was determined to walk and did for a half a mile. We arrived in Untuca at half past one in the afternoon. It had been only a five-hour trip, but I felt as though I had taken a beating.

Mass the next morning was well attended. Untuca is at the head of a long valley that stretches to the east for miles and descends sharply. The sides of the valley are steep and the houses are built on terraces. The only level space here is man-made. I learned today that I am the first priest to visit Untuca in ten years.

The people from neighboring Lumpara sent a request for the priest to visit them. Lumpara is a league and a half down the valley. A league in this country is an indefinite measure of distance — more or less an hour's walk. I promised to go tomorrow. More climbing, I suppose, but as the Lord pours His grace into the souls of my parishioners, perhaps He will pour a little more strength into my legs.

YOUR PRAYERS, PLEASE!

WE HAVE received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow Members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

Persons sick, 2,980
Persons deceased, 1,702

Persons in the services, 809
Other special intentions, 6,776

Maryknoll Behind Barbed Wire

A DOZEN or so Maryknoll priests have played a role in one of the strangest dramas to be enacted on our American soil. In the dangerous days following Pearl Harbor, 70,000 people of Japanese origin, part of them Japanese citizens and part of them Americans, as you and I are, were moved en masse from the Pacific Coast to camps inland. Maryknoll had, for some decades, maintained missions among these people in Los Angeles and Seattle. When they were exiled, Maryknoll priests and

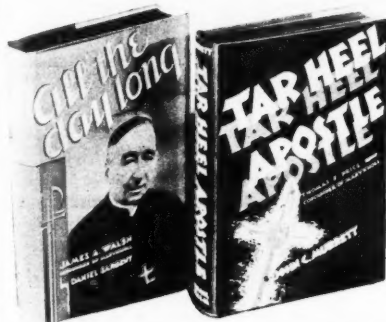
Sisters accompanied them, and still remain with them within their temporary barbed-wire homes.

Director of most of this work is Father Hugh Lavery, whose headquarters now is Los Angeles. Father Leopold H. Tibesar, has played an important part at Camp Minidoka, Idaho. Among others of this mission band are Fathers Steinbach, Boesflug, Ryan, Petipren, Swift, and Brother Paul. Splendid help for the work is supplied by the hierarchy through N.C.W.C.

Many of the Japanese Americans in the camps are from the former Maryknoll High School in Los Angeles. Libraries mean much. In the photo the curtain to the right screens off the Blessed Sacrament.



Father Leo Tibesar at Camp Minidoka, Idaho. The young lady in the photograph who was his secretary, Edith Otaka, is now a student nurse at Presbyterian Hospital, Aberdeen, S. D.



TAR HEEL APOSTLE

THIS is the life of Father Thomas Frederick Price, native of North Carolina and missionary there before he helped Bishop (then Father) James A. Walsh to found Maryknoll. As a boy, Father Price had adopted the slogan: "Every Tar Heel a Catholic!" He stuck to this task through many trying, amusing, heartbreaking incidents—which only helped him to be cofounder of Maryknoll and missionary in South China. Simplicity, devotion, and a consuming zeal made the Tar Heel an apostolic figure who will win your heart. This is a companion volume to ALL THE DAY LONG, by Daniel Sargent. Longmans. **\$2.50**

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-----MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF-----

Maryknoll, N. Y.

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Maryknoll Want Ads.

The Doctor's Bag. Suppose, when you were sick and the doctor came to treat you, he opened his bag and found it empty! Imagine that he had no medicine, and could get no more! If you consider how you would feel, you will understand why we ask \$500 to buy supplies for a dispensary in China. Any gift will help.

Fire From Heaven. Missioners traveling in Central America light their cooking fires by the use of burning glasses. Such glasses cost 50 cents each. We need four.

Our Lord's Sacrifice is the central fact of Christianity. To make it vivid to new converts, to keep it forever before the eyes and minds of those who gather for the Mass, we need to hang crucifixes above the altars of even the smallest of mission churches. \$40 pays for one. Three are needed.

"You Can't Take It With You." When you make your will, remember the Maryknoll Fathers. Their legal title is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

Se Habla Espanol. The missioner in Latin America, as in China, must have language training on the spot. What good is he if people cannot understand him? For the language school at this time, we need \$300. Can you spare some or all of it?

Music That Lifts the Heart — music that speaks all languages — music for

worship, for praise and thanksgiving — organ music! Who will give \$200 to buy an organ for the church at Cavinass, Bolivia?

Human Memorial. A native priest, trained in God's word, will be more than one man perpetuating your memory; every soul he wins to the Faith will also have cause to bless your generosity! To train such a priest, costs \$1,500.

The Golden Rule. As you hope for a peaceful old age, help us give what peace and protection we can to old men and women made homeless by the war in China!

Sunday Clothes. Just as you would not wish to come to Mass in ragged

or dirty clothing, so the priest does not willingly approach God's altar in ragged vestments. But vestments, like other clothes, wear out. Two sets are needed in Ecuador; they cost \$25 each. Contributions accepted.

The Only Roads through South American jungles are the rivers. A chapel boat, at a cost of \$3,000, would mobilize the missioners — enable them to reach scores of otherwise inaccessible settlements.

Lepers Are People. They work and play, get hungry and tired, joke, grow angry, laugh, and weep. They need food, clothing, shelter, medicines. Maryknoll cares for many Chinese lepers. \$5 cares for one for a whole month!

The Maryknoll Chapel is still a dream; it will be built after the war. But we are planning it now. If you would like to contribute — from \$1 to \$10,000 — we shall be most grateful for whatever you can give.

George Herman Hugh An



Maryknoll schools in China and South America look to our friends for support

MISSION NEEDS

Vestments — Central America . . .	\$100	Mass wine and hosts — Ecuador . .	\$30
Catechetical work — China	500	Native seminarians — China . . .	1,500
Rice — China	200	School — Peru (<i>maintenance</i>) . . .	300
Medicine — Bolivia	100	Orphans — China (<i>monthly</i>)	5
Refugees — China	500	Horse — Central America	100
Jungle equipment (20) —		Lepers — China (<i>monthly</i>)	5
Bolivia each	100	Mule — Peru	50
Church, Temuco — Chile	4,500		

Buy War Bonds **SERIES F** or **G** in the name of **Maryknoll Fathers' Mission Society, Inc.**, and send them to Maryknoll as stringless gifts.



A donkey and his driver are important adjuncts to a missionary's equipment. On long trips over the mountain trails and mesas, he must carry his own food and water because, in the backlands, there are no roadside restaurants. For the story of Maryknoll's 1944 missionaries, see Page 38.

